

PRAISE, ONLY

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Ayer's preparations are too il known to need any commen-ion from me; but I feel com-led to state, for the benefit of others, that six years ago, I lost nearly half of my hair, and what was left turned gray. After using Ayer's Hair Vigor several months, my hair began to grow again, and with the natural color restored. I recommend it to all my friends."—Mrs. E. Frank-naturel, box 305, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

WHEN THE APPLE BLOOMS.

When the apple's full of blosoms and the blos-And the bees a full of honey, buzzin' up and down the brezze; When the flavor of the lines and the smell of

Mises with the johnny-jump-ups bloomin' by the garden fence; Ch. it's then you want to git up soon and wash and comb your hair. While the early birds go singin' round about

you everywhere, And the leaves of life unfold again as fresh sproutin' peas,
When the apple's full of blossoms and the blossoms full of bees.

There's a softenin' of the feelin's kind o' kin to love, perhaps,
blesis acrost you when you see the huds peel
off their winter wraps.
And the ba'my breath of mornin', makin' spar-

with the risin' sun a creepin' up the sky so bright and blue, delts the felcies 'at time has froze surest your clouded life Till you think about your sweetheart and you go and hiss your wife;
For it's then's about the time o' year perself and his agrees.
When the apple's full of blossoms and the blossoms full of been

Everything's so glad and happy you just want

plumb clean out of sight, the warble of the bluebird in the sky so fur above,
And the pleasant coo and gurgle of the pigeon
and the dove,
And the very wind 'at fans your face with kinses

Rest yourself a little, old man, heaven hain't so fur away; Taken day off and go fishin', for the 's mighty

few like these,
When the sphio's full of bloscoms and the bloscoms full of been."

Edwin S. Hopkins, in Judge. THE DAGO GIRL

BY ROBERT C. V. MEVERS. [Copyright, 1894, by the Author.]



of a fruit shop. Among the tempting things exposes for sale in the doorway was a grapes trimmed off with leaves ing geranium. Gazing on the

purple bunch of luscious ness holding by the hand two tinys dirty children. The younger of these little ones was a boy, sickly and weak looking. He was stretching out his grimy hands, whining for the highpriced bunch of grapes.

other child, a girl, said, persuasively: "It's only to look at, Pobbie. It'll make Bobbie sick to eat it."

"Bobbie's sick, and he wants the boofle grapes. Bobble wants his mam-

The older boy tried to quiet him. The

The Dago girl leaning against the electric light pole laughed aloud. She twirled her accordion as though she were about to begin a tune for which the people would pay her to stop-for the played badly and sang worse. But she did not play the tune. This was the time for her revenge, and it was sweet to her. There was a tag on the banch of grapes-one dollar. In her pocket-the result of a long day's tramping, playing and singing till feet, mands and throat were all tired-were ninety-eight cents, just two cents less than the price of the grapes. She had only to pull out her accordion and earn other two cents; then she might

buy the grapes in the face of the enemy. For this older boy was the torment of her life. He lived in the same court where she lived, and from the day, two months ago, when she landed in America and had been taken to the Italian woman who agreed to beat her if she did not bring home a dollar every day, he had mocked at her, thrown stones at er, called her names, till sometimes she had felt like falling on him and biting him. Through him all the other boys in the court had been hard to her, until lately she was glad to run out in the early morning before they were up and not go back again until it was night and they could not see her. While she was making her ear-splitting music far away from the court she would some-times think of this boy and grind her

teeth together, as she recollected how he would even look in at her while she ate her macaroni in the Italian woman's room, and thought of her home far across the sea and all the pretty vine-covered cottages and the light blue sky and happy days before her mother and father died and left her. And some days when she could not play and sing, but would wander round the streets, thinking of her old home, only to go to the Italian woman at night and be beaten and sent supper-less to bed for failing to bring home the full dollar, there would be this boy, calling his companions to see her whipped, and he would scream out: "Cully, git on to the Dago gi

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cravings of the "inner man."

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her; it was worth that to be even with "grapes! grapes!

reach of all

she had learned to count the American money so as to know when she had a dollar. After she had the dollar she would not play or sing another note that day. She would take to the Italian woman just so much as she must, but not another cent. And here she had ninety-eight cents; she would play a tune, get the other two cents, go in and buy the bunch of grapes that reminded her of some she had seen growing over in Italy, and she would come out of the abop eating them in the face of the boy and his little brother and sister.

She pulled out her accordion to its full length and male such a sound that a man who had stopped to talk politics with a friend tossed her exactly two cents and told her to shut up.

"Gooda! gooda!" laughed the Dago girl. She had the price of the bunch of grapes. "Me shut-a up. Me no play-a

She looked over to the boy and his small brother and sister. They had paid no attention to her music; they had not noticed her, though she stood in the full glave of the electric light. For the little boy was regularly crying for the grapes now, refusing to more a step, and the older boy was puzzled what to do He had not a cent in his pocket, and if he had had a dotter he would not have dared to spend it in this way. For his mother had died that week, his father had run away. and here he was left to take care of these little ones and sell papers and black boots at the same time, until he,

found something better to do. The Dago gire knew at about his sorrows, and she was happy. "I will show-a him what a I can do. Va!" she said. "Then let-s madrone bent-a me. Ma getta dollar for play-a 'Disy-Rella'

She fixed the bright red kerchief on. her curly head till it looked like a liberty cap, pulled down her short, black boy sofford out; selvet jacket, put her accordion under

bunch of grapes. There outside was the boy with his little brother and alstic. The older boy looked at the Dago girl and frowned. The tiny sister tried

Mamaa! mamina The Digro girl knew the meaning of She saw thus the cider boy was | that won t one thought of a far away Howevy thursbyard, unner the softe eried the little feities there in writige are prother to come

'Dago!" said the little, girl as she saw the accordion player. The elder boy looked up. The Dago girl, with her head on one side and humming a trane, went into

"Wanta the grapes," she said, pointing to the bunch outside. The clerk in the shop would have put her out, as he put out all peddlers and musicians, but she emptied her pocket before him-one / hundred cop-

"Wanta grapes," she said. In a sort of wonder the man went to the door and unbooked the fruit. II would have wrapped them in fine paper said the Dago girl, "me



his hand, gerunium leaves and all. She went slowly down the shop, out at the door, holding up the beautiful ter. At sight of the grapes held aloft in her hand the little boy became framto quiet the crying child. The Dage

girl plucked off a grape and was put

où t and hold her up tight to her breast as she used to do, and how there was only a mound there. And here was this newsboy, her enemy, whose mother had so recently left him and left him with two children to look after. To spite him she had spent every cent she had made that day, and would go home to the Italian woman beaten, and, without any supper, be shoved into a corner of the room to sleep as well as she could.

She dashed to the ground the grape she had been about to cat, ran forward, and, putting the whole bunch into the hands of the crying little boy, leaned over and kissed him. "Miss-a mamma moocha?" she said.

"Mamms angiol. Dago girl's mamma She heard a sob beside her. Looking up she saw the older boy with his face working "Dago girl," he said and choked. She

laid her finger on his arm. "Me hnow-a." she nodded. "Dago girl erya too. Dago girl pity moocha." And without mother word she When the car had rolled along beside murched off in the direction of the Lincoln cash, green from recent rains. court where she lived, a happiness in her poor young heart that had not from the trees energying a large string her poor young heart that had not of perch whose scales fresh from the trees energying a large string from the trees energying a large string the had come to Amerlea-went on to meet the beating and the scolding, but with something very bright around her which she had known long ago under the softest of blue skies before the mound had been made in the far-away churchyard.

No less than seventeen delties pre sided over the transformation of Ro man wheat into flour, and the help of ten more was necessary before it be-

-The highest mountain in Great Britsin la Ben Nevis, Scotland-4,400 feet.

Was Compensation Enough. Mrs. Tomkins-Mrs. Yabsley has had such an experience! Arrested for shoplifting! All a mistake, of course. Mrs. Jenkins-I suppose she must have been very much annoyed! Mrs. Tomkins Not at all. The papers all said she was of "preposessing arahoe."-Tid-Bits.

HE ESCAPED A SCOLDING.

A Crafty Husband Who Makes the Most of His Luck and Says Nothing. "By Jove! I forgot to order that meat?" cried a man with a new spring suit and a natty derby hat, as he stepped on an "owl" cur on the North Clark street line of five o'clock on a recent Sunday morning. He was a night railroad man and had just finshed his eight hours of toll. "Mand told me to order some mest

for Sunday dinner when I left the house yesterday afternoon to go to the he expinied to a friend who lived on Eric street, as the car started north under the bright rays of the sun just rising out of the lake. "I haven't thought of it since; and, when I get nome and she learns we are to have no ment for dinner, she will dress me down beautifully. She says men don't know anything about marketing, any how; and I guess she's right. Well, my head was filled with horses yesterday. How could I think about order

ing meat?"

When the car had rolled along beside water shone like disks of burnished all ver. The disherman took a sent in the car, laying his still wriggling beauties on the floor. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the ratiroad man

under his breath, "if I hadn't stopped carrying more than car fare, to keep myself from buying cigars, I could get out of my scrape now. Mand is fond of perch. Why? She suggested that I get some for dinner to-day, if I could find fresh ones. O! for a quarter to bey some of these?"

"Limits! Fer's we g-o-o-o!" bawled the conductor, as the ramshackle car stopped as the end of its journey. The fisherman picked up his string and started slowly up Clark street. The railroad man followed closely, his "Fine lot of perch you have there," observed the railroad man catching up

with the fisherman. "Yep."
"Wher'd you eatch them?" 'Uut on de new pier

ounds there?"
"Ten pound! Wy, man, dere's twenty-five, of dors's one! Dest heft dat "Really, you are unjust to him I mean the sweet, shy way he has of turning was twenty-five pounds there," said the railroad man as he lifted the wriggiers. "He s subject somebody, likely, and Then a thought struck him and he smiled. "Why, I hate to see you carrying so much when I'm not carrying anything." he ventured suavely.
"Here, silp my cane through that
string loop and let me carry half the
load for you."

The strange companions waited ac-lently side by side, the tails of the low-est fish trailing a line of water drops along the sidewalks. At Belmont avenue the fisherman broke the sil-"Dis is where I turns off. 'Afore I go

I wonders of you won't take some of dese fish fer helping a feller. Dey's good catin'."
"Well, my dear fellow," replied the railroad man, "really I didn't expect to be favored."

"Den you wants some?" Why, yes; my wife is exceedingly fond of perch."

The fisherman counted out ten and showed signs of stopping, when the

Don't sob vourself, my dour fel-Then the fisherman strung ten more on the twine he had out for the pur-

"Of George, dear!" oried Mand at din-ner, "you are the best kind of a hus-band. You were so thoughtful to get just what I have been dying for. Twenty lovely perch! You shall have kiss for every one I sat." And the hypocrite never told. -Chieago Tribune

ROMANCE AND REALISM.

The Star Boarder Bacats a Soft soap Bubble for His Landlady.
"I don't quite understand the new boarder," said the landlady, in a burst of confidence to the stag bearder.
"What's up?" asked the star, suspiciously. "Isn't he disposed to pay?"
"Oh. not that." she remonstrated:

"He's perfectly good, I'm sure. It's the way he looks at ma." "How's that? As if you were going

"Don't, Mr. Star," she simpered. Really, you are onjust to him I mean

"He s publied somebody, likely, and is afraid powli get ha lo him."
"You shan't talk so," she said, indig nantly. 'Only this morning, at fast, he was cutting his steak and i happened to look down his way, when he gave me such an earnest, pleading ook that I felt the blood rush into my face. Oh-I-I-I wonder, Mr. Star," she twiftgred. "I wonder if he can be

in love with mey"

"Love, nothing." he shorted, "that isn't love: that's tough beefsteak," and the sentimental landlady burst into tears -- Petroit Free Press.

"You ought to be ashamed of your salf!" she exclaimed to the tramp who had stopped at her door. "You ought to have some steady calling." "I have me perfession," he replied, with quiet hauteur. Well, why under the san don't you

work at 11? You're right in the prime of life."
"I know it. That's jes' what the matter is I'm an infant prodicy, an'
I've got ter wait for me second child-hood before I kin resume business."— Washington Star.

First Qualities in man or First Politician As he is a man or great ability, we may use him as the Second Politician - flut it is his habit to keep his mouth shut, and never say First Politician—Then we'll make

Castleton -1 met your doctor this morning and he said he hoped you were Clubberly-Strange thing for a Carberry Strange thing for a doctor to say, wasn't it?
Castleton—I don't know. He said your last lliness cost him fifty dollars.
Trange. PATENTS!

J. R. LITTELL.

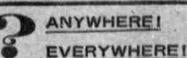
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